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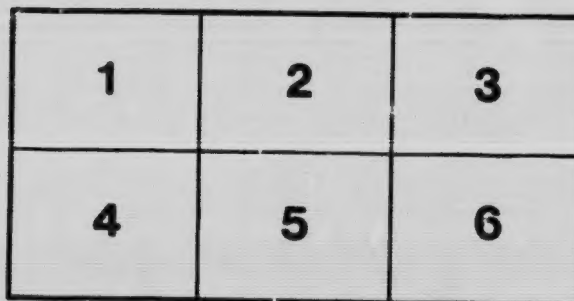
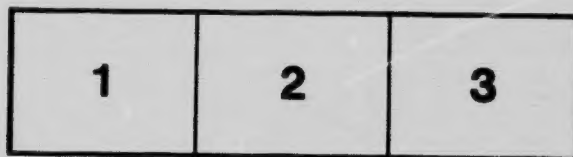
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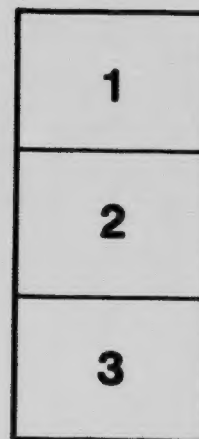
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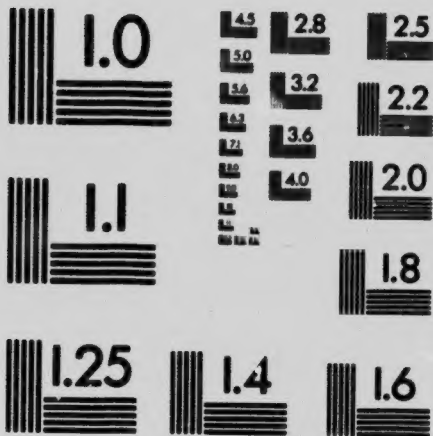
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~~Carl F. Hadden D.~~









Thaddeus A. Browne

1110

The White Plague

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
THADDEUS A. MOYNE

With Illustrations by
L. REVERA and A. GAY

Published by
The
University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Ill.



Thaddeus A. Browne

1410

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AUTHOR'S EDITION

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WILLIAM BRIGGS
1909

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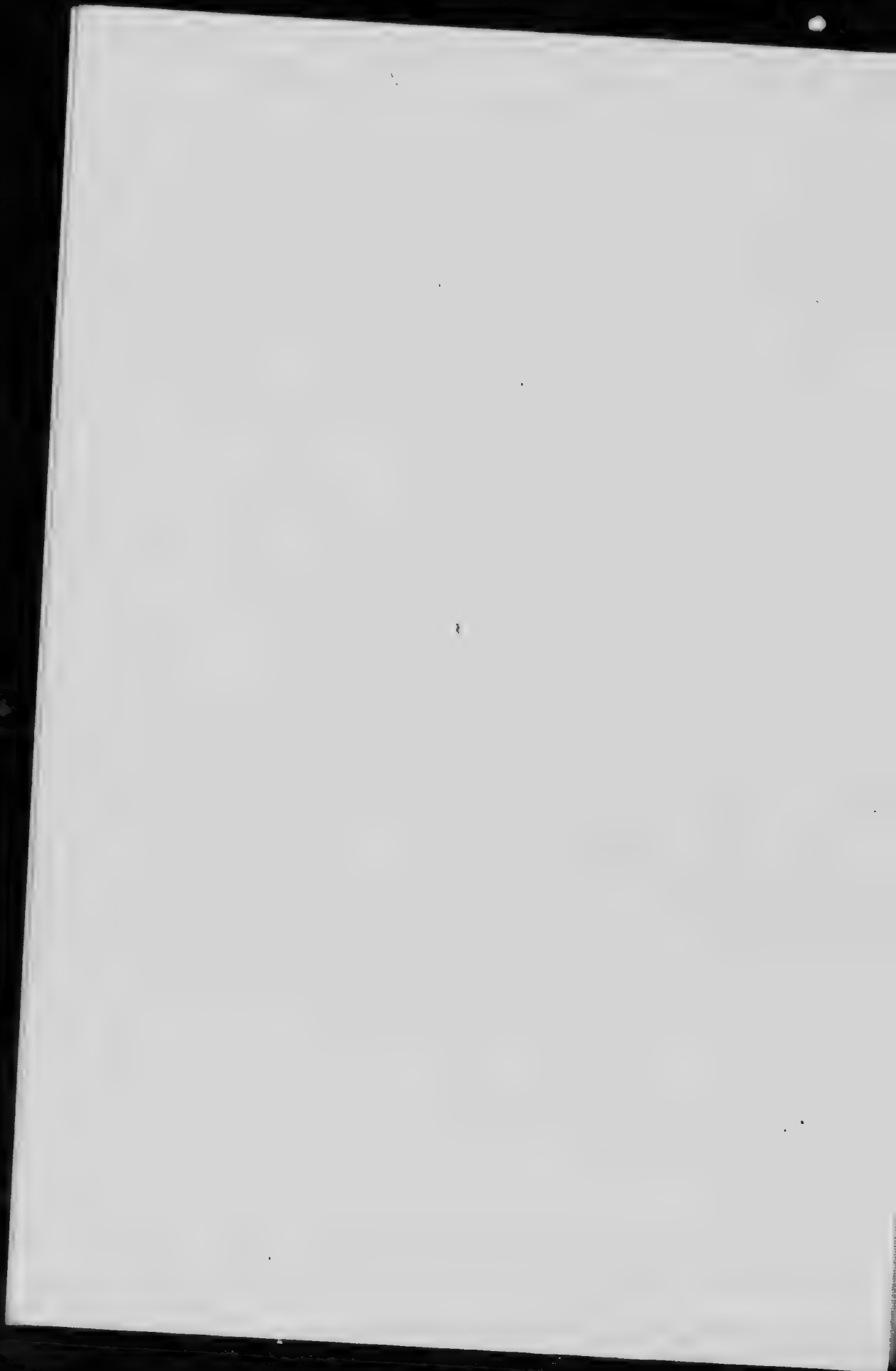
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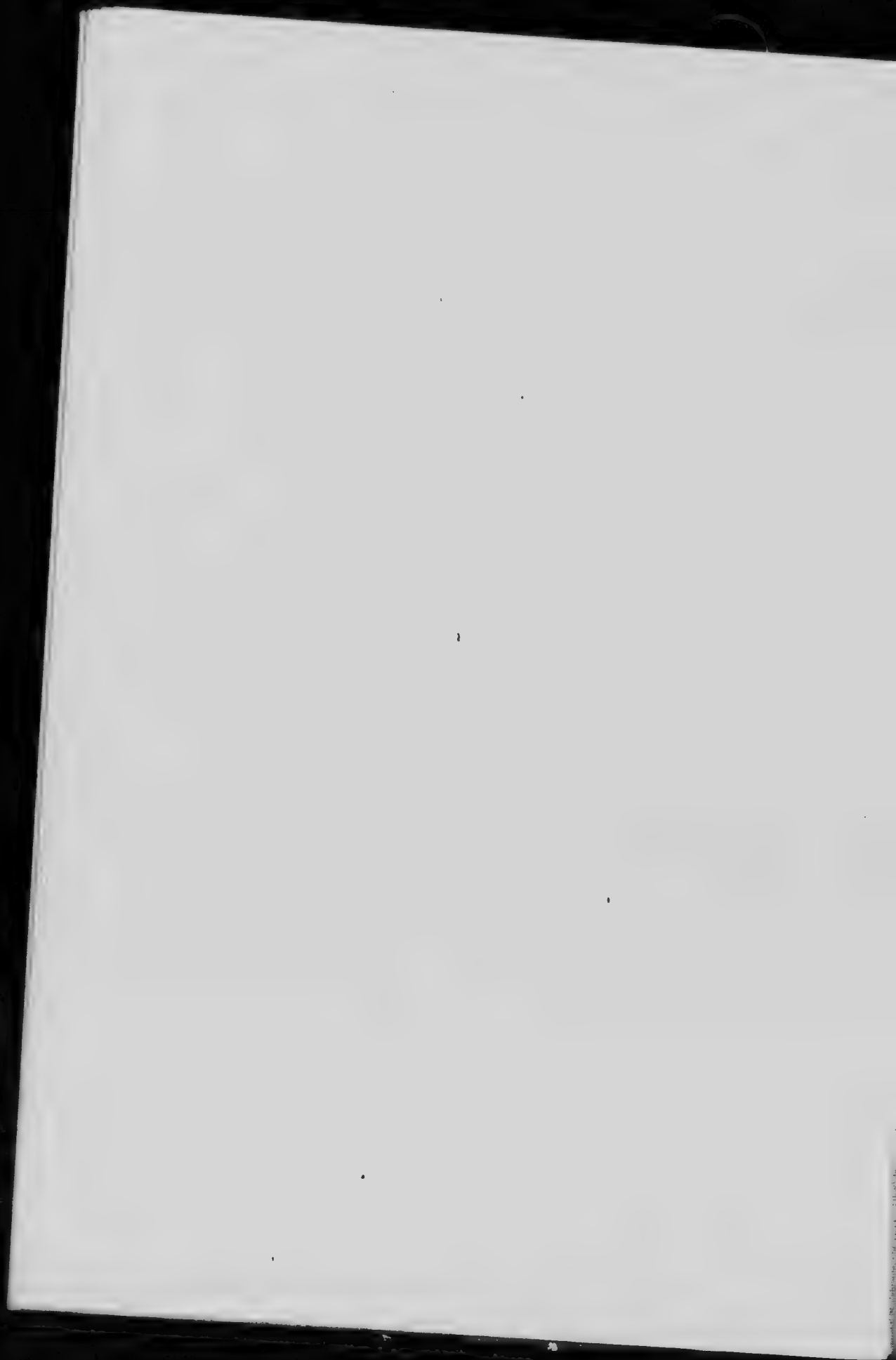


In Memoriam

Herbert C. Hammond, Philanthropist

*God sends His angels still to bless the earth,
Still sends His hero-hearted Paladins;
Unheralded, unmarked, nor halo-crowned,
They tread the ways of mankind woman-born,
And pass us by in quiet garb and plain.*

*So came he, valiant soldier of the King—
Another Galahad, forgetting self,
With heart aflame on Christ-like labor bent.
Soldier of God, he sank to higher rise,
In death serene, triumphant, glorified;
And all the tender seeds of kindness strewn
By him in secret places, now in bloom,
Come trooping in white squadrons round his
tomb
To tell the sweetness of his fath'ring heart.*



CONTENTS.

THE WHITE PLAGUE	PAGE 9
THE LOVE CRIME	17
HELL'S ACOLYTE	26
GOD'S LITTLE ONES.	33
THE QUEST ETERNAL	36
CHRISTMAS	39
THE RESURRECTION.	41
MY APRIL MAIDEN.	42
THE MIRACLE OF MAY	45
EYES OF THE HEART	47
THE SQUAW-MAN	49
THE HEART'S DESIRE	51
CIRCE.	53
CUPID'S ARROW	54
WE SAID GOOD-BYE	56
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM	57
THE DERELICT.	59
TO LADY SUFFRAGETTES	60
MY LITTLE SUFFRAGETTE	62
HOMING	63
TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY	67

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> <div> PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR </div> <div style="text-align: right;"> <i>Frontispiece</i> </div> </div>	
THE WHITE PLAGUE	
"Malignant, repellent, appalling," etc.	9
"While down in the reek of your hovels," etc. . . .	13
THE LOVE CRIME	
"So came he, a herald of sorrow," etc.	18
"He was dead—the battle was ended—" etc. . . .	25
GOD'S LITTLE ONES	
"Dark-orbed dear little miss," etc.	33
THE QUEST ETERNAL	
"Have we not seen His fiery messengers" etc. . .	38
THE SQUAW-MAN	
"E'en now, perhaps, to some sweet forest song" etc.	50



THE FIGURE OF DEATH IN HIS MIDNIGHT PALETTE
OF GLOATS IN HIS MIDNIGHT PALETTE OF THE WORLD RECLAMING HIS

THE WHITE PLAGUE

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE WHITE PLAGUE.

MALIGNANT, repellent, appalling,
Elate on his death-reared throne,
He gloats, in his hideous palace,
O'er the world he claims as his own;
While, from the homes he has ravaged,
Arise through the glimmering shades,
Prayers for the dead and the dying,
And the clank of burial spades.

Sombre and grey are its turrets,
Lowering and lichened its walls,
Fetid and foul are the breezes
That float through the charnel-strewn halls
Of this nightmare seat of the Plague King,
Ruling relentless as doom,
With his ghastly courtiers around him,
Gliding, ghoulish-like, in the gloom.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

O mankind, what are the tributes
You proffer this Shape whose grey face
Has haunted the world through the ages,
And sapped the strength of the race?
Rivers of tears from the heart-springs,
From the wells of sad human eyes,
Acres of white wasting faces,
Staring upturned to the skies!

But, drunk with the nectar of folly,
A mad world swings on its way;
For short is the mem'ry of sorrow
In life's strange, many-scened play.
The wine flows red on your tables,
And laughter and jest fill the air,
While white death lurks in the kisses
That lovers exchange on the stair.

While down in the reek of your hovels,
And up in your gilded homes,
The white-faced sower is scattering
His seeds that sink to the bones.
The winds of Heaven are laden
With blight from his pestilent breath,
And frightful fruits of his sowing
Fill your homes with dirges of death.

Lo, round you his reapers are slaying,
Panther-like, gliding unseen,
Stealing in sinister silence,
And mowing with merciless mien.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Silent as mists of the morning,
And secret as shades of the night,
The fairest blooms of the Nation
With pitiless weapons they smite.

They creep in the dust of pavements,
They crouch in each foul-smelling heap,
They enter homes like assassins,
And scatter white death while you sleep;
They billet themselves in your sweat-shops,
And on your fair daughters prey,
While dar' on graveyards converging
Sad cavalcades slowly make way.

You, who are hoarding a million,
Wrung from the laborer's toil,
Chilling his frame by exposure,
Ruining his health in the moil—
Christian in name, not in action,
What will your penalty be,
When God repays at the Judgment
In the dawn of Eternity?

The sunlight of God you deny them
By long laborious hours,
You grind the life from their bodies,
You sap their limited powers;
And when from workshops you fling them,
Plague-stricken, a charge on the town,
They spread contagion among you
Ere struggling to death they go down.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Wandering alone o'er your pavements,
Pallid and hopeless of eye,
The latter-day leper goes trembling,
Seeking a refuge, to die.
Under the shadow of churches
Proclaiming the Crucified's tale,
The State supplies for his deathbed
A cot in the gloom of the gaol.

O land! where even the beggar
Is sheltered when nearing life's end,
That cares for its wounded in battle,
And brute creation defends,
That houses the victim of fever
And those who drink of crime's lees,
Sick men at least should be equal.
Are others more precious than these?

They call from the depths for our pity—
Let no man ignore that claim;
'Twas thundered of old from Sinai,
From on high it thunders again;
For we are our brother's keepers,
His rights yours and mine to maintain,
God's law hangs o'er us, my brothers,
And we are not kinsmen of Cain.

O masters ruling the nations!
Men's lives are more precious than gold,
And a life restored to a people
Repays it a hundred-fold:



" While down in the reek of your hovels,
And up in your gilded homes,
The white-faced sower is scattering
His seeds that sink to the bones."

THE WHITE PLAGUE

But drive this scourge from your borders,
But bring back the stricken to health,
And debts of nations will vanish
In vaster production of wealth.

Strange that intrinsic assets
Of a nation should lie year by year
Rejected, when effort would mould them
A new force in its career;
Strange that a plague all unhindered
May ravage a people at will,
While wealth of the nation is lavished
Unpeopled prairies to fill.

Millions for armies and navies,
That empires vast may hold sway!
In labyrinthian mazes
The nations are groping their way,
While lusts of unsated ambitions
Whose Circean songs allure,
Fill lands with hungering faces
And lengthening lines of the poor.

O guides of war-weighted nations,
Ye rulers of manacled lands,
Frighted by War's apparition
And faint 'neath its tightening bands!
Where is your boasted progression,
Oh, where is your peace and good-will,
As planning defence and aggression
You spend your millions to kill?

THE WHITE PLAGUE

"Christian" large on your banners,
Hypocrisy seared on your hearts,
Why prate of Gospel or Saviour
While playing such ignoble parts?
Athirst with war-lust primeval,
For battle wherein to win fame,
Your Prince of Peace but a mem'ry,
Your Palace of Peace but a name.

Masters and men of all nations,
Is it glory you seek? Take heart!
No cause till end of creation
Will ever such glory impart
As this of a world and people
In a pallid-faced demon's toils,
Freedom of earth the incentive,
And bodies of men as the spoils.

Down hurled is the gage of conflict,
Nor petty the issue, nor vague—
'Tis man for freedom embattling,
In the creeping coils of a plague.
More deadly than all visitation
Throughout the centuried years,
Than streaming death of volcano
That buries and blackens and sears.

Flash on the domed blue of heaven
The ominous call of the sea,
Let nation answer to nation
That peoples of earth may be free.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Blaze its divine inspiration
 'Neath the cross and clear northern skies,
And by that sign we shall conquer,
 As to battle continents rise.

E'en now on distant horizons
 Low rumblings proclaim the attack.
Rise, legions of earth, 'tis the hour—
 Must thy vanguard brave be pressed back?
Heart of the world, they are calling
 Thy children in sufferings dire,
Then strike as 'lightnings of Heaven,
 And blast with a vengeance of fire.

Flinging the yoke from your shoulders,
 Bursting the bonds that men bind,
Crushing this plague in your fury,
 Loosening his grip on mankind;
Nourishing the stricken, the wounded,
 Soothing their cries in their woe;
Revenging long years of oppression,
 Your tempests loose on the foe.

And thou, great mother of freedom,
 Stretch forth thy beneficent hands,
And by thy power benignant
 Cheer on these stern warrior bands;
The wealth of thy treasure unstinted
 Pour forth like blessings of God,
Till howling down to hell's chaos
 Is flung this white scourge of our sod.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

And when the strife ends in triumph,
And high on the glittering heights
Beacons of God proclaim vict'ry,
Then shall earth's warrior knights
By seraphic hands be crowned victors
And, borne on wings of white peace,
Our earth shall wake from old terrors,
As trumpets of God sound surcease.

THE LOVE CRIME

THE LOVE CRIME.

THE Church of our Father was crowded,
The wedding march swelled sweet and grand,
Fair spring gave her blessing of blossoms,
And sunshine and birds filled the land.
The pallid young groom, happy-hearted,
His hectic-cheeked bride took to wife;
The priest gave his full benediction—
Two hearts were united for life.

Staid matrons debated the union,
And planned for their daughters the while,
Nor saw the pale fiend of the white death
That followed them down the broad aisle—
And love's wingèd days flew swift onward
Along youth's Elysian way,
While hearts with bright hopes heavy freighted
Awaited sweet motherhood day.

Sweet is the joy of a mother
When she clasps to her breast her first-born,
But, oh, the grief over-powering
When by death from her babe she is torn!
The hectic flush brightened and brightened
And, fair in the blossoming May,
With an unmothered baby beside her
In death's stern embrace she lay.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

So came he, the innocent stranger,
From a mother's love ruthlessly torn,
As many another before him—

Oh, better had he not been born!
So came he, a herald of sorrow,
While nature in fair beauty smiled,
And the fiend laughed as it gloated
O'er the innocent face of the child.

The motherless child grew to boyhood,
Nor yet did he understand quite

His father's face, ashen and haggard,
Nor the racking cough in the night.

But one day to dirges of winter

The fiend claimed the father's life, too,
And the boy woke to full understanding—
'Twas then, oh, God, that he knew!

Locking close in his breast his secret,

To college and study he passed,
And sometimes in orgies forgot it,

Then, too late, remembered at last.
Then on his young life fell the shadow,

The white-faced destroyer of men,
And the roses of hope he cherished
Bowed withered and dead on their stem.

There often when gay laughter sounded

The joy of his comrades at play,
His heart seemed to stop in his bosom
As sadly he went on his way.



.. So came he, a herald of sorrow,
While nature in fair beauty smiled,
And the fiend laughed as it gloated
O'er the innocent face of the child.



THE LOVE CRIME

His horizon glowed with no day-dreams,
Save those that were fearful and dark;
For the dread of the terror embraced him
With coils cold, clammy and stark.

Day by day the warning rough sounded,
And thinner and paler he grew,
But only the few guessed his secret,
Though deep in his young heart he knew.
And ever behind him close followed
The white fiend that laughed at his birth;
Its breath he felt ever closer,
And his face grew a stranger to mirth.

His love dream, that died in its morning,
He buried with hot, burning tears;
Not for him was love's sweet communion—
Alone he must walk through the years.
The crime of his parents was on him,
The heritage deep in his breast;
And love and his soaring ambitions
He crushed from his heart with the rest.

For he was not of those who scatter,
With unthinking, uncaring mind,
The loathsome defects of their being
To curse thousands more of their kind;
Who, selfish and blind to the duty
That each owes to all in the main,
Bequeath unto new generations
Long legacies heavy with pain.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

But many a matron ambitious
His fair favor sought to obtain,
Appraising the charms of her daughter,
And sordidly counting the gain.
Oh, thus are the loveliest virgins
To lingering death daily sold,
While the victims go meek to the torture,
Lured by the magic of gold.

His walks in the sunshine grew shorter,
His step became laggardly slow;
The busy germ toiled at his vitals,
The priest and the doctor spoke low.
At last from a chair in his chamber
He watched the gay summer go by—
The summer whose smile brought no gladness,
For he, he was sentenced to die.

In life's spring, when rosy-cheeked boyhood
With pulsating heart visions fame,
And soars on the pinions of glory
Till the world resounds with his name,
He saw, leaden-eyed, only shadows—
The grave looming near as his goal;
And sad was his heart and abysmal
The thoughts that embittered his soul.

And oft in Autumn nights sombre,
As he brooded alone in his room
O'er problems of life and their meaning,
Dejected, a figure of gloom,

THE LOVE CRIME

He'd start from his chair pale and quest'ning,
And stare through the pitying rain
That beat in sorrowful rhythm
As it splashed damp and cold on the pane.

Oh, why was he launched out of chaos,
By chains of disease prisoned fast?
Oh, why were life's joys and love's sweetness
Denied unto him to the last?
What, then, were his crimes, that life's journey
Should be one long burden of pain?
But no answer came from the shadows,
Nor yet from the pitying rain.

Thus morbid through grey days of Autumn,
A prey to dark broodings, he'd sit
While friends came to cheer him with solace
Of stories and innocent wit.
And one day, when seeming some better,
By God's loving grace, for a spell,
The priest and the doctor called jointly,
And the legislator as well.

Concise were the answers he ventured
To words of advice that they gave—
The doctor's tone crisp and decisive,
The priest in a voice calm and grave.
And the choice of the people spoke kindly,
In accents measured and slow,
When the stricken boy broke in harshly,
"I've something to say ere you go.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

" You are here, Society's pillars,
The moulders of national laws;
Fitting, then, that here should a victim
Plead for a great national cause.
I speak for all those who have suffered
As I, by lax laws of this land—
I plead for heredity's victims,
And not alone plead, but demand.

" That, just as the state has restricted
The license to plunder and kill,
So should it amend by stern measures
The loose marriage law that works ill;
That spreads greater havoc than crim'nals
And all the red carnage of crime,
That propagates sorrow and sickness
And strikes down our best ere their prime.

" Stern is the law of the nation
That follows its banditti prey,
But where is the law for the children
Born into the world ev'ry day?
Is it just that the offspring should carry
Through life the sins of the sire?
Where, then, is your code for protection
Against love's untrammelled desire?

" You're honest, no doubt " (and his voice rose,
While fever burned bright on his face),
" And think you have done your full duty
As guides of the rest of your race,

THE LOVE CRIME

But you sleep with cobwebs of custom
Spun thick round the laws of the State,
While thousands are dying around you,
Marked off as the victims of fate.

" Myself, who now lie here before you,
This body, this slow-dying frame,
Was born of a criminal marriage,
And I think I know who's to blame.
Society smiled on the union,
By sanction of law were they wed,
And I am the thing they have left you,
The offspring, who soon shall be dead.

" Oh, when will you wake from your dreaming,
Your schemes for position and gold?
Are there not enough graves in graveyards
Where dead men are rotting to mould?
Are there not enough death-masks around you
That suffer hell ere they die,
Dragging their forms o'er your pavements
With the light of hope dead in their eye?

" Heredity slaughters its millions,
And the law of the land helps the game
When it fuses together base metals
That never should break into flame.
And thousands who die 'round you daily,
And thousands who sleep 'neath the sod,
Shall rise in their shrouds at judgment
And charge you before the High God.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

"The sins of the fathers are falling—
Shall fall just so long as the State
No barrier throws 'twixt the union
Of persons that never should mate.
So long shall your idiots babble,
And crim'nals and weaklings be born,
And the world that God made in beauty
Of half of its sweetness be shorn.

"The sins of the fathers continue
To sully mankind with their stain,
While society, moth-like, flies blindly
Seeking for pleasure and gain—
So long shall earth's lingering sickness
And frightful diseases endure,
And the rivers of life through ages
Flow downward, polluted, impure."

He faltered and, weak and pathetic,
Sank, labouring hard, in his chair,
While blazed his dark eyes with the fever
Beneath the fair clustering hair.
Then as through the night, thoughtful, silent,
His friends sought their homes and their rest,
His soul took its flight with the red stream
That flowed from his lips o'er his breast.

He was dead—the battle was ended—
Triumphant again was the fiend,
Whose horrible face gleamed, malignant,
As over its victim it leaned,



" He was dead—the battle was ended—
Triumphant again was the fiend,
Whose horrible face gleamed, malignant,
As over its victim it leaned."

THE LOVE CRIME

And a moonbeam lighted its features,
As fleshless it leered in the light,
While its laugh startled the silence,
As it floated again on the night.

Dead, but his protest was uttered ;
The grim truth he'd proclaimed as he found.
My masters, his voice is a million,
Now dying or dead under ground.
Will you wake to its protest, resounding
In city, hamlet and town,
Or sleep like drugged men forever,
Till a world in corruption goes down?

THE WHITE PLAGUE

HELL'S ACOLYTE.

O'ER a city Saturnalian, when the feast was at
its height,
Cried the demon of the riot, riding on the howl-
ing night,
Cried aloud in gleeful frenzy, "Who would wish
to be divine,
When as fiend he reigns the master of unnum-
bered slaves of wine?"

Swept he o'er the noisome brothel where the
Bacchanalians brawled,
Mingled with its maudlin wantons where with
libertines they sprawled;
Hovered o'er the wine-room's riot where his
dupes carnival held,
While the ribald song's wild chorus on the
night's mad frenzy swelled.

Gloated as he perched above them, and his voice
rang out in pride—
"Oh, my master! I have triumphed, I, thy fiend
of drink," he cried.
"Master thou whose cause I cherish, Master
thou who reign'st in hell,
Am I worthy of thy kinship? In thy cause have
I done well?"

HELL'S ACOLYTE

" Fiend of drink am I, remorseless, ruling, worshipped everywhere—

Boon companion of the novice, prop of every wreck's despair.

Moods have I to meet the many, costumes fit for any state,

To the brutalized or polished I can be a fitting mate.

" Where patrician faces gather, clothed am I in bright champagne,

Sparkling gloriously golden, beading to an amorous strain.

Eyes grow bright as lips caress me; fevers burn within the veins;

I repay their love with madness, steal their honour with their brains.

" Now, in ruby robes translucent, dance I in the goblet bright,—

Wanton of the wine-glass, weaving dreams with mirages bedight.

O'er the wastes of wine I lure men, till on sands of quenchless thirst,

Lo, my red simoon engulfs them, helpless, raving, and accurst!

" Ere the sun-god, swiftly rising, swings his flaming sword of day,

Gin-gowned for the assignation, wait I for my quivering prey,—

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Wait I for my faithful lovers, they who crave my
morning kiss,
Abject, pleading for my favour, for my warmth,
reviving bliss.

"Sweet to me their hast'ning footsteps at the
well-remembered hour,
And I sparkle with elation, conscious of my
mastering power.
Sweet each lover's supplication for the balm he
would obtain;
Like a maiden in her beauty reign I 'midst my
servile train.

"Ne'er was queen of story olden wooed as I by
mortal man;
Ne'er had king in ages golden court so cosmo-
politan;
Not for wealth of my surroundings do they come
their court to pay,
For they love me all as faithful in dim dens
where I hold sway.

"What a court is this, my master! Here I
watch life's strange parade,—
Here I view the grotesque pageant of mankind
in masquerade—
Maskers from the grimy army tipple with the
titled peer;
Every walk of life commingling, great and lowly,
all are here.

HELL'S ACOLYTE

"That fine fellow, deep imbibing, with the classic
brow and chin,

Was an actor great and famous,—sweet it was
his love to win.

What a world of fine expression had he in his
mobile face!

On the stage great were his triumphs ere I
brought him to disgrace.

"He who rends the night with laughter, he with
curls of glossy jet,

Wrote a poem of wondrous beauty, and he
reigned a social pet

Till I touched his vibrant heart-strings with the
madness of desire;

Now he sings no more of beauty, dimmed is his
poetic fire.

"Now his songs are dark and gloomy, broken
are his symphonies,

And the bright thought halts and falters, glides
along, then stops and flees;

Now he craves but for my kisses, all his hopes
are wrapped in me,

Thus, a wreck, he rhymes unreason 'midst his
ragged company.

"I have lured the pale *religieux* from his height
of snowy dreams

By the sweet Circean measures of my strange,
soul-haunting themes,—

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Strangled love and filial duty by the witchery of
my charms,—

Quenched the brain-lights of a million, passion-
drowned within my arms.

“ From his love, of virgin beauty, I have led the
trusting swain .

Till he sank in my morasses,—till he sought her
not again ;

I have watched her fading, drooping like a rose
in chilling dawn,

Waiting for love's warmth that came not, ever
paling, sinking wan.

“ And unto her heart's slow breaking as she
guessed her lover's plight,

I have whispered to her, dreaming of him in the
restless night :

‘ Maiden, of thy lover dreaming, practising thy
girlish arts,

I could teach thee subtle secrets, philter give
that love imparts.

“ ‘ But my joy is in the breaking, not the mend-
ing of a heart,

So I'll keep thy truant lover by my wiles from
thee apart ;

I shall drag him down to ruin, into gulfs where
misery dwells ;

Where I lead he, too, shall follow by my power
that compels.

HELL'S ACOLYTE

“ ‘When a wreck he reels through passion, for
my charms I’ll take his health,
Goad him down to sin’s abysses, steal from him
his scanty wealth.
Know, O maiden, this remember, never more will
he be free;
He, thy lover whom thou dream’st of, yet shall
kill for love of me.’

“ Thus fair womankind I torture, through that
love for man they bear,
Till from cheeks the roses vanish, till grey-tinged
is raven hair;
While my poison, slowly filtering, stains the
fonts of purity,
And they sink by man polluted, tainted to ob-
scurity.

“ I am Drink, the fiend remorseless, all that’s
mortal is my prey;
These mad lovers ’neath me reeling are my play-
things of to-day.
Each to-morrow brings new victims, each to-day
a grave I fill;
He who loves me truest, fondest, with a demon’s
joy I kill.”

So hell’s acolyte satanic, where the tinkling
glasses gleamed,
Told the story of his triumphs to that other
master fiend;

THE WHITE PLAGUE

While the laughter, wild, discordant, broke
amidst the streaming lights,
In the nearing midnight hour on that ribald
night of nights.

Told how when, in prisons lonely, men repenting
all too late
Wake in frightful desolation, cursing at their
woeful fate;
Wake to awful understanding of hands red with
bloody stains,
Wake to hear his voice exultant crying in their
clearing brains,—

“Mortal, who in drunken frenzy consummated
thy red deed,
Now awakened and in terror, now, oh, now I
take my meed—
Sate my hate with gloating, as remorse shrieks
in thy brain,
When thy bloodshot eyes protruding read thy
doom in that red stain!”

Told of bright homes rent and broken, of sweet
maidens downward drawn;
There recited stories sombre of the lives he held
in pawn;
Till the bright lamps dimmed and darkened, till
each maudlin wretch sought home,
Leaving, in the darkness gloating, Drink's dread
demon throned alone.



"Dark-orbed dear little miss,
Torn are your shoes, and the clothes
Ragged and thin that you wear;
How you live nobody knows."

GOD'S LITTLE ONES

GOD'S LITTLE ONES.

DARK-ORBED dear little miss,
Torn are your shoes, and the clothes
Ragged and thin that you wear;
How you live nobody knows.

Strange little waif of the slums,
Thrifty and business-like, too,
Plying your trade with the rest
Of the ragged outcast crew;

Rushing about in the throng,
Calling your wares in the cold,
O child, such a heart as yours
Is made of God's purest gold!

Brave little buffeted ship,
Battered and blown in life's gale,
Where is your port in the storm?
To what refuge do you sail?

Born of some drab of the street
Down where the red beacons burn,
May God guide ever your way—
Free from sin's shoals may you turn.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Where do you live—'neath the street,
Or attic above the stair?
Where'er it be, little maid,
My heart goes out to you there.

Some pass who turn a deaf ear
To your shrill voice when you call;
But there's One hears, never fear,
Whose love is greater than all.

He alone hears your low sob,
Lonely at night in your bed,
With none to kiss you to sleep
Or smooth the curls of your head.

Sometimes in dreams do you see
Visions of dainties high piled?
Sometime may that dream be true,
Tired-out, motherless child.

O mothers, kissing to rest,
Praying to God o'er your dears,
Pray for these waifs of the world,
Unmothered in their young years.

Pray, too, that on that dread day
When judgments fall on earth's sons,
Censure-free we then may stand,
Uncharged by these little ones.

GOD'S LITTLE ONES

When for deeds done in the flesh
Each soul its place is consigned
Pray no child may accuse you
Of being cold or unkind.

One passed you last night at dusk,
One whom the world brands with shame;
Say, was it then all her fault?
God, who knows, may not so blame.

Once as this child of the street
She strove for bread, pure of heart,
Till hope died in her young breast,
When mankind failed in its part.

And now if sinning she goes,
Fighting her battle alone,
Remember, she asked for bread
And the world gave her a stone.

Dark is the world with its griefs,
But bright is joy's pathway wide,
And Sorrow smiles through her tears
When Charity walks by her side.

Derelicts lost in the dark,
Strange ships that pass in the night,
Guided by Love's lamp aglow,
God's harbour find by its light.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

THE QUEST ETERNAL.

OFTTIMES across the plains of space I gaze,
When Night holds court amid her jewelled train,
And where her fairest handmaid beauteous glows
I watch to see some signal-fire leap forth
To tell me if his soul's sojourning there;
For in his life I've heard him oft propound
This theory of the purpose of mankind—
The age-old mystery of the whirling spheres:

I bathe within the shoreless seas of space,—
My soul floats o'er the billows fathomless,
And everywhere the beacon lights gleam clear
That mark the strands where I shall yet sojourn
When finished is my visit on earth's shore;
For we are all eternal Argonauts
In hopeful quest of God's own blessed Isle;
Earth but a port upon the blessed way,
Where rest we for a space to trim our sails.
Borne by God's tide, each captain without chart
Must breast the unknown sea by faith sustained,
And whither bound ask not. One only knows
The Omnipresent Pilot man calls God.
O soul of mine, yearn not, hope on, nor fear;
What though the frail-ribbed skiff wherein thou
float'st
Sink in the depths unfathomed? Thou shalt
live,

THE QUEST ETERNAL

And one by one God's infinite islands tread;
For of His wine immortal thou hast drunk,
And blest art thou, His pledge upon thy lips;
Of His red wine enough thy cask contains
To cheer and nourish till life's sojourn ends.
And though thine eyes grow dim with watchful-
ness

Ere quite the newer harbour breaks to view,
Thy Pilot's hand shall guide thy tiny bark,
Nor yet disturb thy dreamless sleep, until
On glitt'ring sands of some new shore thou'lt
wake,

A little child new-robed and wonder-eyed,
Gazing enraptured on that newer dream
Of landscapes rare and shades ineffable,
With eager steps exploring lovely vales
'Midst fair companions sweet as earth e'er knew,
Learning new truths that fancies old dispel,
And in their contemplation quite forget
The times unnumbered thou hast lived and loved
And dreamed fair dreams in other planets old.
The Father's mansion has full many rooms—
Each room a wonder-work, a throbbing star,
Hung with rare paintings from the Master's
brush,

So wonderful, so mighty in their power
That though we ponder them till life's nightfall,
Our souls scarce grasp the beauty of one scene.
O thou, who count'st thy crown as nearly won!
The child grows not o'er-night unto the man.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

How hard the labor of the alphabet!
How long the contest 'gainst the icy Pole!
A thousand generations have not solved
The many secrets of one human frame.
Why hopest thou then by one life's little span
To grasp the mystery of a million suns?
The warring doctors by their long dispute,
Their little knowledge prove to humbler men—
Each holds the secret of the Only Way,
Yet each can prove the other's chart is wrong.
Man in the image of his God was made,
Mark, then, how man considers earth's dull
drones,—
Will God in courts of Heaven then give place
That myriads may ever sing His name,
Sitting with jewelled harps in lazy ease?
Not so! God's plan is one of ceaseless aim,
And He himself unceasingly directs.
Have we not seen His fiery messengers,
Hard riding on some planet-rounding course
Across the ranges of infinity?
O Argonaut, the journey yet is long,
And countless worlds are thine yet to explore!
None know the hour of starting,—then prepare
And let thy bark clean-decked put out to sea;
But yesterday a million ships left port,
But yesterday a million more sailed in;
Still thou with heart heroic face thy tasks,—
Faith in thy Pilot keep—He knows the way—
And bravely through the mystery sail on,
With trust in Him. 'Twill be revealed some day.



"Have we not seen His fiery messengers
Hard riding on some planet-rounding course
Across the ranges of infinity?"

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS.

Snowflakes and happy bells,
And hopeful words sincere,
And hands that grip, while from the lips
Fall words of Christmas cheer.

Snowflakes and shining eyes,
And the joy that giving gives,
That opes heart-gates in love, nor hates
A single thing that lives.

Snowflakes and prattle sweet,
Heart music and soft chimes,
And stories rare where friends compare
The present with past times.

Snowflakes and leaden skies,
And men in prison cells,
That make their moans to cold grey stones,
Nor hear thy chimes, O bells.

Snowflakes and hearts that break
In longing for sweet home,
And faces worn and passion-torn
That brood uncheered alone.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Snowflakes and tolling bells,
And the slow tread on the snow,
The sobbing hushed, the teardrops brushed,
And saddened voices low.

Snowflakes, and o'er it all
The voice of One divine
Calls low and sweet, Be glad, nor weep,
For rich and poor are Mine.

Snowflakes—O ye who joy,
Remember My commands:
Clothe ye and feed all those in need
In this and other lands.

Snowflakes—O prisoned ones,
Grieve not, but kneel and pray;
For tidings glad I bring the sad:
I ransom men this day.

Snowflakes—Rejoice, O earth!
None need this day be sad
That read aright My message bright,
That shines to make men glad.

RESURRECTION

THE RESURRECTION.

THINK not 'tis death because so cold earth lies,
Wrapped in her snowy shroud of billowed white,
For when the tears of springtime kiss her brow
Her violet eyes will open wide and sweet
And unseen hands will robe her wondrously,
Weaving with golden hands all her tresses fair.
Again her cheek with blushing rose will glow,
And sighs sweet-scented will her bosom stir,
And radiant in her sunny maidenhood
With ripples of sweet laughter she will roam,
Scattering auroral gifts of flow'ry bloom,
Till all mankind shall worship at her feet.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

MY APRIL MAIDEN.

MAID of moods like April ranging;
Tearful, then to laughter changing;
Luring sweetly, then estranging;
I have wondered if thou art

Just a playful nymph coquetting
With poor mortals, and forgetting
How thou woundest, nor regretting
That thou didst their wounds impart.

By thy body shapely, slender,
By thy glances languid, tender,
Thou hast made me thy defender,
Thou hast nestled in my heart.

By thy cheeks as rose-leaves tinted,
By thy hair from sunbeams minted,
Thou hast taken love unstinted,
Robbed me quite without return.

Each new mood but makes thee dearer,
Makes my passion stronger, clearer,
Makes me long to come the nearer,
Makes me love thee more and more.

MY APRIL MAIDEN

When I see thine eyes compelling,
Dark with passion and rebelling
To thy bosom's quickened swelling,
Then I would thy love implore.

Or when from thy window glancing,
Bright they shine with laughter dancing,
They but make thee more entrancing,
If that could be, than before.

O thou April maiden, weaving
Spells alluring and deceiving,
Wilt thou some day me be leaving?
Wilt thou yet my true love spurn?

I have loved thee fondly, madly,
I would win thee, wed thee gladly,
In thy snare I'm tangled sadly,
'Tis thy love must set me free.

I have loved thee unabated
From a time now long undated;
In a desert land I've waited,
Thou must my oasis be.

Give me love, for time is pressing,
Doubt's red sands grow hot, distressing;
Send thy love's rain, sweet caressing;
There is none can save but thee.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Dear, the sands are round me burning,
Thus to thee, sweetheart, I'm turning;
For thy saving love I'm yearning,
Say thou lov'st me, or I burn.

THE MIRACLE OF MAY

THE MIRACLE OF MAY.

THE sunlight beams,
The lily leans
Her sweet, pale cheek to meet the breeze,
The garden glows,
The soft breeze blows
And shakes the blossoms on the trees.

The lilacs bloom,
The rivers croon
To willows bending for their kiss,
And scented flowers
Laugh in the showers
That tell of summer's coming bliss.

Again aglow
The roses blow,
Like rubies in the dewy morn;
The world, long bare,
Lets loose her hair,
And million-gemmed is beauty born.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Oh, wondrous change,
To mortals strange!
But yesterday 'twas cold and drear;
Some magic hand
Hath touched the land,
And lo, the happy spring is here!

O Master, we
Give praise to Thee;
Thou answerest kindly when we pray,
And thus is wrought
The boon we sought—
The wondrous miracle of May.

EYES OF THE HEART

EYES OF THE HEART.

I HAUNT again those unforgotten ways
Where once we walked in dear remembered days;
And throbbing earth, the streams and skies so
blue,
Call with my heart in longing, dear, for you.

I see thee sad with every wind that grieves,
Behold thy cheeks in autumn's blushing leaves;
Thy laugh I hear when come the rippling rills,
Sparkling and gay adown the grassy hills.

Ah, it is love that sees alone thy form
In every rose that doth the vale adorn!
Ah, it is love when all the summer sky
Seems but reflected beauty from thine eye!

I hear thy voice in cadences so sweet
When birds that love in woody places meet;
Thy loving smile I see revealed again
In every sunburst following the rain.

When o'er the land soft steals the breath of June,
And happy birds within the treetops tune,
Then hand in hand again to love's sweet lays
I walk with you as in the olden days.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

The strands of gold, the sun-god's gleaming hair,
Is as the light within thy tresses rare;
The white-sailed moon-ship gliding on the night
Has gleaned her beauty from thy forehead white.

But food of dreams love cannot satisfy,
Nor mem'ries feed the starving heart; thus I,
Love-lorn, with weary wings toward heaven soar,
Beating for entrance 'gainst God's golden door.

Longing for thee, earth's ways in dreams I tread,
By thy white hand along its pathways led,
Counting the hours till on celestial strands
I'll kiss again thy lips, thine eyes, thy hands.

THE SQUAW-MAN

THE SQUAW-MAN.

LOVE from his homeland hillsides led him forth,
A willing captive, to a foreign land,
Nor looked he either east or west or north,
But followed where she led him by the hand.

How strong he was in all that men hold good,
How fair to view in manly grace and form!
Yet as a child against her maidenhood
The castle of his heart she took by storm.

O lady, golden-haired and blue of eye,
Fair English beauty with the cheeks of rose,
Dost thou afar in moonlit gardens sigh,
And dream of him as evening shadows close?

Dost thou oft weep with troubled heart and
brain,
Between each letter's ever-length'ning wait?
Ah, weep no more; he will not come again—
No more will he unlatch thy garden gate.

For eyes of night have pierced him to the core,
A forest maiden sings his child to rest.
He has forgotten, and will come no more—
Another head he pillows on his breast.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

E'en now, perhaps, to some sweet forest song,
With rhythmic stroke he paddles her along
O'er some smooth lake that mirrors cloudless
 skies,

Deep as the love that dwells in her dark eyes.

Perchance ere now, in some green forest glade,
A home for her he's built, a cabin made,
Where sunshine greets them with its morning
 kiss,

And wakes them to a new day's perfect bliss.

'Tis o'er, thy dream; his ways and thine divide,
The sterile plains of memory grow more wide;
Love claims its own, and thou must pay the
 cost—

A dark-orbed maid has won what thou hast lost.

O Love, that blossoms on the desert sands
 As sweet as in the richly gilded room,
That knows no age and blesses in all lands,
 And strews upon the world its lovely bloom,

Where spring the fountains of thy mystic brew
 That thrills alike the peasant maid and queen,
That flowers hearts with drops of wondrous dew
 On gale-swept shores as where the roses
 dream?



"E'en now, perhaps, to some sweet forest song
With rhythmic stroke he paddles her along
O'er some smooth lake that mirrors cloudless skies,
Deep as the love that dwells in her dark eyes."

THE HEART'S DESIRE

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

Give me the breath of dewy mornings,
The stirring chase, the hunters' horns,
The scent of roses 'mid the thorns
In all their beauty dreaming.

Give me the shining fields so sweet,
Where sun and shadow love to meet;
The sickles swinging through the wheat,
While golden sunlight's streaming.

Give me the flower-jewelled hills—
A love-song that with rapture thrills,
That lifts the heart above earth's ills,
And gives to life new meaning.

Give me the hush of quiet even,
The sleepy note amid the leaves,
God's calm, sweet slumber that relieves,
While starry lamps are gleaming.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Give me a woman sweet and true
To have and hold life's journey through,
And love like sunshine ever new
In bright eyes softly beaming.

Give these, the world may have the rest;
The heart content's the heart that's blest;
Ah, gold is bright, but these are best!
I'll ask no more, I'm deeming.

CIRCE

CIRCE.

SIREN, siren, singing, singing,
In thy witching, wanton way,—
Pulsing, pass'nate clinging, clinging,
Warm and rosy as the day;
Luring, laughing, timid, tender,
Madd'ning maiden, drooping, gay,
Dreamful, dazzling with thy splendor,
Stealing, stealing souls away.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

CUPID'S ARROW.

SAY, have you met her?
I can't forget her,
Fair as the lily, her name;
She with the eyes blue,
Of summer skies' hue,
With her the world I would gain.

'Twas on a May day—
Oh, such a gay day!
Sweet singing birds filled the trees;
Fair Spring went laughing
To the gay chaffing
Of her wayward love, the breeze.

I, too, was merry,
Heart light and airy,
Knew not I'd lose it that day;
Cupid was stirring,
His arrow whirring,
And my poor heart in the way.

CUPID'S ARROW

She smiled so naively,
Glanced I so bravely,
Unthinking quite of the cost;
On that spring morning,
Done without warning,
I and my poor heart were lost.

'Twas a sweet losing;
Had I the choosing,
Gladly again she might take,
All I love dearest,
All I hold nearest,
Little would be for her sake.

Yet is the gladness
Mingled with sadness.
Did she but smile to betray?
Loving, I'm hoping,
In darkness groping,
Waiting her love to bring day.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

WE SAID GOOD-BYE.

We said good-bye! 'twas long ago,—
Good-bye! then went our sep'rate ways;
But absence buried not the thought—
The thought of you and other days.
I could not shut you from my heart,
For you had set your image there;
Nor yet forget those wondrous eyes
That shone beneath your raven hair.
The rose upon your rounded cheek,
The dreamy perfume of your dress,
Through days and dreams they follow me,—
I do not love you, dear, the less.

Yet o'er the paths of yesterday
Some old-time love-bud yet may bloom,
Some kindly thought of other days
Again be wove in mem'ry's loom.
Some song amid the scented woods,
Some walk beside the moonlit sea,
May yet speak to your wounded heart,
And bring you, sweetheart, back to me.
But if the friendship that we knew
Have for its end forgetfulness,
Since you be happy in the change,
I will not love you, dear, the less.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

SHE used to live upon a hill
Where cherry trees were growing,
Beside a little wayward rill
That riverward sang flowing.

She used to live! Ah, boyhood days!
How oft we went a-maying,
Where happy birds sang tender lays,
Amid the blossoms swaying!

A winsome maid whose rosy cheeks
Had won my heart completely,
With dimples playing hide-and-seek
When she smiled, ah, so sweetly!

O maiden sweet! I loved you then—
You left me broken-hearted
That awful time in summer when
You moved and we were parted.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

You moved away without a word
And left me lonely waiting;
My heart was like a wounded bird,
Struck down in time of mating.

The years like dead leaves on a stream
Have floated down life's river;
Some hearts forget their first love-dream,
But mine remembers ever.

THE DERELICT

THE DERELICT.

As ship before the fury of the storm,
Gale-driven, helpless in its last mad throes,
Unmanned, dismantled, rudderless, alone,
Seeks shelter in the harbor's calm repose;
So I, on life's rough sea a derelict,
By passion's billows dashed from shoal to
shoal,
Long for the haven of Thy shelt'ring arms,
Yearn for Thy smile to soothe my troubled
soul,

THE WHITE PLAGUE

TO LADY SUFFRAGETTES.

O LADIES fair, with flashing eyes,
Who suffrage seek in freedom's name!
Let not your angry passions rise:
There is a surer road to fame.

A gentler way and nobler, too,
Perchance, than is man's pathway sore.
'Tis this: about 'you sweetness strew,
And walk the ways God planned you for,

Scatt'ring love's blossoms as you go
Along the calmer ways of life,
That man may learn your worth to know,
And you be diadem'd as wife.

Man wages strifes that leave deep scars:
Be you at home his min'st'ring dove.
Man wins his crown in constant wars:
Yours you must win by ways of love.

If you have failed by love to win,
Poor recompense will suffrage yield.
Love woman's weapon e'er has been,
And yet will be both sword and shield.

TO LADY SUFFRAGETTES

Your world is lost, O lady fair,
When you are cheapened in men's eyes;
The attributes God gave you wear,
Nor strive 'gainst man for worldly prize.

Your form was made the home to grace,
While man forages in the field;
Oh, seek you then home's hallowed place,
That God's full harvest earth may yield.

Each hour lost from that home place,
In mad pursuit of manly aims,
Makes lines unlovely on your face,
As wither lands from withheld rains.

One gentle mother 'midst her brood,
Shaping her sons for manhood's state,
Breathes on mankind a greater good
Than all this outcry and debate.

Where you are empress in the home,
Blest is that empire and your reign;
In secret man salutes your throne,
And all the world reflects the gain.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

MY LITTLE SUFFRAGETTE.

LITTLE blue-eyed suffragette,
What, for suffrage calling yet?
Stop your worry, cease your fret,
Don't you see the harm it brings?

If a vote were given you
Many things no doubt you'd do,
You might mould the world anew
As upon its course it swings.

But I want to tell you this,
Winsome little suffrage miss,
You are keeping me from bliss
By your int'rest in such things.

You have worried my poor mind,
You have been to me unkind;
Good it is that Love is blind,
Or he might have taken wings.

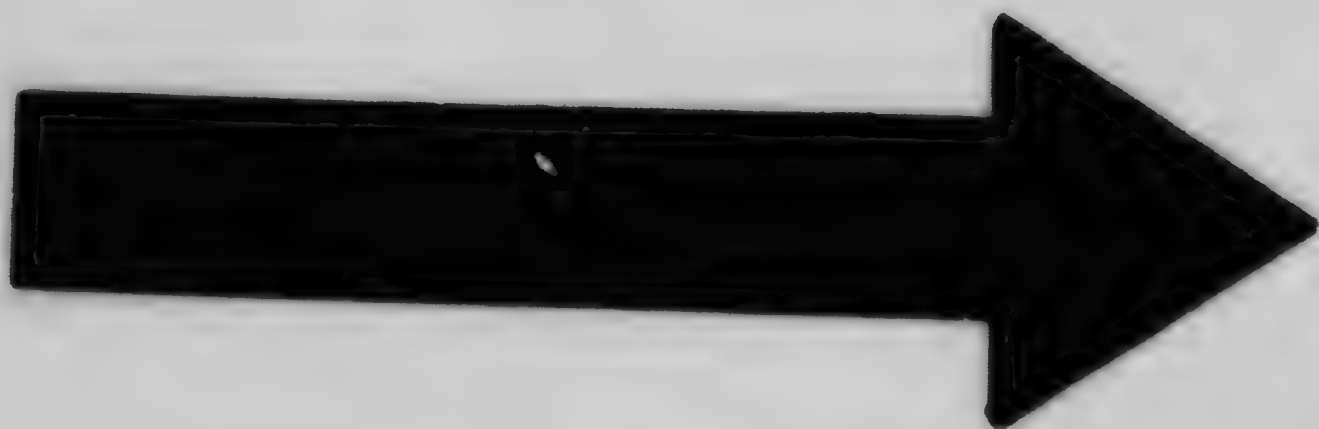
What! you did it just to tease!
Little minx, give me a squeeze.
Love, you give me ecstasies—
What's your choice of wedding rings?

HOMING

HOMING.

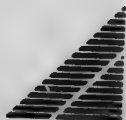
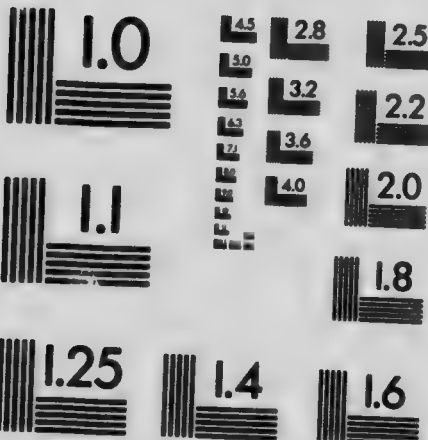
STANDING where the meeting rivers
Bathe her feet with waters blue,
While the summer breezes murmur
Olden vows they now renew;
In her dress all green and golden,
Shining after summer rain,
Waits a radiant mother city,
Longing for her boys again.

Speak the winds with happy voices,
As about her form they play:
They are coming, coming, coming,
Those who have been long away:
Coming with the old love burning
In the golden summer-time;
On this time of happy union
Let the bells ring out a chime.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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THE WHITE PLAGUE

Back to home and loving kindred,
Like the magi from afar
Come they o'er the world's wide reaches,
Guided by a throbbing star,
Once again to meet the playmates
That they knew in boyhood's days;
On the happy scenes of childhood
With full heart once more to gaze.

Time's fleet flight brings many changes,
But they'll find her lovelier still,
This old mother city radiant,
Throned upon her tree-girt hill.
And with mother-love she'll greet them—
Does not matter what their state—
For they're all her boys, God bless them,
Poor and humble, rich and great.

Ah! Old Boys, what recollections
Will sweep o'er you when you view
These dear scenes of happy childhood,
Boyhood's playgrounds once you knew.
When the band plays Rule Britannia,
Money Musk and Garryowen,
Then in throbbing tones of welcome,
Swelling upward, Home, Sweet Home.

Hands will clasp your hand in greeting,
Lips will speak your name with joy,
Laughter answer unto laughter,
Just as when you were a boy;

HOMING

Old-time tunes and old-time faces
Will your youthful days recall;
Good, you'll vote it, to be living
In this happy time for all.

Yet, amidst your feeling joyous,
Sadness, too, may find a place,
When some old-time friend or landmark
You will seek and find no trace.
Some old tree beneath whose branches
You with fishing-pole oft sat,
While the checkered sunshine filtered
Through your dusty, ragged hat.

Some old garden where the apples
Rosy glowed beneath the sun,
On whose luscious fruit you feasted
When the day's school tasks were done;
Some cool swimming-pool whose waters,
Shaded from the sun's bright rays,
Made a joyous place of meeting
In the torrid summer days.

Some green grove whose scented pathways
Made romantic fancies grow,
As you walked with your first sweetheart
In the dreamy long ago;
Or some comrade noble, steadfast,
Whom you loved in days of yore,
Who has gone on his long journey,
To return again no more.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Then from pensive thoughts returning,
 (For 'tis joy alone must reign),
Fill a bumper to the old times,
 Let the songs break forth again;
Let each golden hour passing
 Fragrant be with mirth and joy;
Be in thought, in heart and temper
 Just a merry old-time Boy.

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY.

COMMEMORATING THE FAMOUS CONTEST BETWEEN
ALFRED SHRUBB AND TOM LONGBOAT IN
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY 5TH, 1900.

For days and weeks 'twas talked about—the
whole world echoed it;
A thousand papers flashed the news and told
how each was fit;
The miles they did, the time they made, was
carried far and wide:
Big Chief, they said, was running strong, and
so was Britain's Pride.

The Marathon, the Marathon, it filled our nights
and days,
And ev'ry boy the country o'er was smitten by
the craze.
They scurried down the country lanes and
through the city street;
The pavements echoed to the sound of rapid run-
ning feet.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Where gilded cafés flashed their lights, sports
bet and drank bright wines,
And newsies pooled the cents they made, their
nickels and their dimes;
And even girls in shops and stores talked wise
of time and pace;—
The trials of empire were forgot in wrangles
o'er the race.

Some said the Indian was done, his life had been
too fast,
His heart was bad, his speed was gone, his win-
ning days were past;
But those who knew what he had done denied
his sun had set,
For they recalled his famous runs and felt he
could win yet.

And others said the Briton was the one whose
heart would break,
He was too old, the race too long for him to
undertake;
And thus the controversy raged till time brought
round the day,
And all the world with bated breath sought news
from New York way.

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

'Twas in New York the race was run, the time
was nine at night;
All roads led down to Madison, near Broadway
gleaming bright.
Throngs hurried o'er the pavements and crowded
through the doors;
The Garden filled from pit to dome, and still
they came in scores.

Ah, 'twas a scene to stir the blood within that
far-famed square!
It seemed as if all New York town and half the
world were there
To see that contest 'twixt those two who had
defiance hurled,
As each proclaimed his precedence as champion
of the world.

They came from Brooklyn and the Bronx, and
from the Battery;
And twenty thousand strove for seats where only
ten might see.
And sports were there from Canada to cheer her
famous son,
And feathered redmen from reserves where
northern rivers run.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Above it all Diana poised in beauty calm and
still

As on the famed Giralda, the glory of Seville,
As through the lines of cheering men the rival
runners came—

The white man and the Indian—'mid thunders
of acclaim.

The redman of the wingèd feet, with his peculiar
name,

The famous smile, the raven locks, and limbs
that made his fame;

The white man known to all the world by many a
gallant race,

Were met at last in contest stern, at last were
face to face.

A hush fell on that mighty throng—the runners
wait the gun,

With twenty-six long miles to go before that race
is won.

Who'll be the victor at the end is asked by every
heart,

When crack! a pistol-shot rings clear, the race
is on—they start.

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

The Briton leaps into the lead, the redman trails
behind;

They say he's running on a plan that has been
well defined.

The Briton's running like a deer, with graceful
stride and true,

He breaks the record for the mile—the time's
four fifty-two.

The Pride of Britain speeds along, he's drawing
well away,

While swings behind a hundred yards the hope
of Canada.

The Briton gains, he leads a lap, and then he
makes it two.

"He'll win the contest by a mile," some shout,
"if he holds through."

Another lap he gains and holds, and then he
makes it four;

The thousands, thrilled by his grand race, let
out a mighty roar.

"Go on to Manchester!" some shout; the Briton
looks and smiles.

The time is less than fifty-eight; the distance
gone, ten miles.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

The band strikes up a stirring air—"Britannia
rules the waves,"

'Tis answered by defiant shouts of partisans and
braves;

While as the runners onward bound wild words
fall on their ears,

From tiers and tiers of watching men with
doubts and hopes and fears.

On, Longboat, on, O forest son! Thy sires call
out thy name

From hunting-grounds where redmen roam be-
yond the sunset's flame;

The paleface took thy fathers' land, they've
trampled on thy race,

And thou must win, thy people call, past defeats
to efface.

But still the gallant Englishman runs on as
true as fate,

And three times more he laps his man, and now
he leads by eight.

The miles are slipping fast behind, Canadian
hopes burn low;

The Englishman leads by a mile, with only five
to go.

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

The Marathon, the Marathon! there's something
in the name
That speaks of deeds heroic, where men found
deathless fame;
Where Greeks of old a Persia's host drove head-
long to the sea,—
Of how a dying soldier brought the news of vic-
tory.

With only five to go! Oh, hearts, twice bitter
was the pain,
To see a stranger come and lead our best at his
own game.
And who will know the redman's thought in
that, his darkest hour?
Perchance he saw Hope's bright star gleam when
darkness seemed to lower.

It takes a man to run behind, perhaps 'midst
scoffs and jeers,
And see the other fellow get the handclaps and
the cheers;
To hold his head and keep his heart, that
triumph in the end,
May vindicate his judgment and save his trust-
ing friend.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

And thus it came, when all seemed lost, when
men were on the rack,
When partisans cheered on their choice and
others answered back,
'Midst pandemonium of sound the Indian's
pretty bride
Steps on the track to cheer along her husband's
slowing stride.

And was it, then, her cheering words that
changed the face of things?
Perchance it was, for change they did, and raven
doubts took wings;
For now the leader gains no more, he falters as
distrest;
He stops to change his shoes, 'tis said,—perhaps
it was to rest.

And he who was behind leaps on; a lap—two
laps—he gains,
As on he goes with steady stride, while every
muscle strains.
The Briton's back, he tries again, but he can run
no more;
His strength is gone, the pace he set has drained
him to the core.

TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

There's only Longboat running now—three laps,
four laps, he wins;
The other walks and staggers on, and now the
end begins.
Five laps—six laps, 'tis seven now, and now he
draws abreast;
The Briton stops, the race is won! The world
has heard the rest.

How Longboat, running on alone, to thunders of
applause,
Flashed by the goal, the victor, midst whirlwinds
of huzzahs
(That swept o'er cities of the North, on to the
Western sea),
And brought again to his homeland the crown of
victory.

The Marathon, the Marathon! This life's a
Marathon,
And ev'ryone's an entrant, and ev'ryone must
run;
So let each one give to the task his heart, his
brain, his soul,
That God may crown him victor when he passes
to the goal.

